

SALUTE TO FRANCE

FRANCE is again a battlefield. The little fields and towns of Northern France are once again being rent and tortured by the devastating happenings of modern warfare, and all the world is watching the titanic struggle developing on her historic soil.

With a million of her men still in German prison camps, and thousands more taken from their homes to labour as slaves in German factories, France lives at the mercy of contending foes. Denuded of possessions and goods, and bereft of the right to speak for herself, France has left only that which makes a nation great—her spirit in the hearts and hopes of her people.

The time has arrived again for us all to salute France for what she has in the past been to men's imagination and life of culture. From her streets and farms have come a race of men witty and wise, urbane and courtly. These Frenchmen have looked shrewdly and cautiously on life and have drawn out of it the finest things which literature and art can give, and have offered them to the world. Van Gogh, an artist whom France inspired, tried to paint light. It defeated him. He set his brush at perfection. He tried to capture the very thing that God alone can do. He looked at the rare and beautiful thing called light and tried to set it on canvas. It was too much for him. But he tried. That is the great thing about him, and it is the great thing about France.

The Spirit That Has Lived On

Almost every famous writer and every famous painter of modern times owes something to France because her example has inspired him to try to do his best. Let us then salute the great land over which the armies of the world now fight!

LET us salute France, too, for what she is in the present! Many an American and British soldier will find welcome these summer days in French homes where their faces will be to those homes messengers of a new day. For over four years France has borne suffering and martyrdom. The gay land of wit and culture has endured the heel of barbarism. She has suffered agony in her soul and body. But the spirit has lived on. France has not died out among the list of nations fighting for freedom. Her banner has been held aloft in Africa where the France which has won renown in Colonial affairs lives on in greater glory.

Now that the free men of the world are again fighting on her shores she has become a place of hope for all men. The names of her towns and villages as they are liberated will be enshrined all over the world as milestones along the highway which will lead the Allied forces to victory and triumph.

The Resurrection of a Country

From being a place of sadness and despotism France is now coming to life again as a place of victory. We are about to see the resurrection of a great and gallant country. After four years of material defeat France is about to rise again into strength and greatness. It will not happen quickly, for during these terrible years France has suffered many mortal wounds. No one knows what the new France will be like. This proud country has tasted not only the bitterness of humiliating defeat but something almost worse—the bitterness of betrayal from those who profess to love her

most. It may be some time before France is able to order her own house and to stand erect again among the great nations. But her resurrection is certain.

FRANCE stands at the cross-roads of the continent of Europe. Through her gateways passes eastward and westward, north and south, the rich pageant of European life. We must believe that that pageant will again be rich and wonderful, and that France will be at its forefront. It is to make this come true that the rich young life of Britain and America is today being poured out without stint on the fields of France. Those young men are offering their lives in an unselfish adventure of immortal promise. There is an adventure to defeat a tyranny, but it is also an adventure to liberate a country which has always stood as a prototype of Liberty—and that country is France. This is a war of liberation, and in that liberation the freedom of France stands among the first and foremost of our great aims.

Liberty the Watchword

Let us salute France because she is the mother of so much that was essential for the making of modern freedom. Her people defied the rights of kings and despots, and wrought out for themselves charters and privileges which they have handed on to the free peoples of all the world. Liberty has long been France's first watchword and in all the hours of her defeat and humiliation free men everywhere have not ceased to hope that she would again discover a new liberty which would thrill the world by its daring and its endurance. It is in that hope that we dare in this hour salute the name of France.

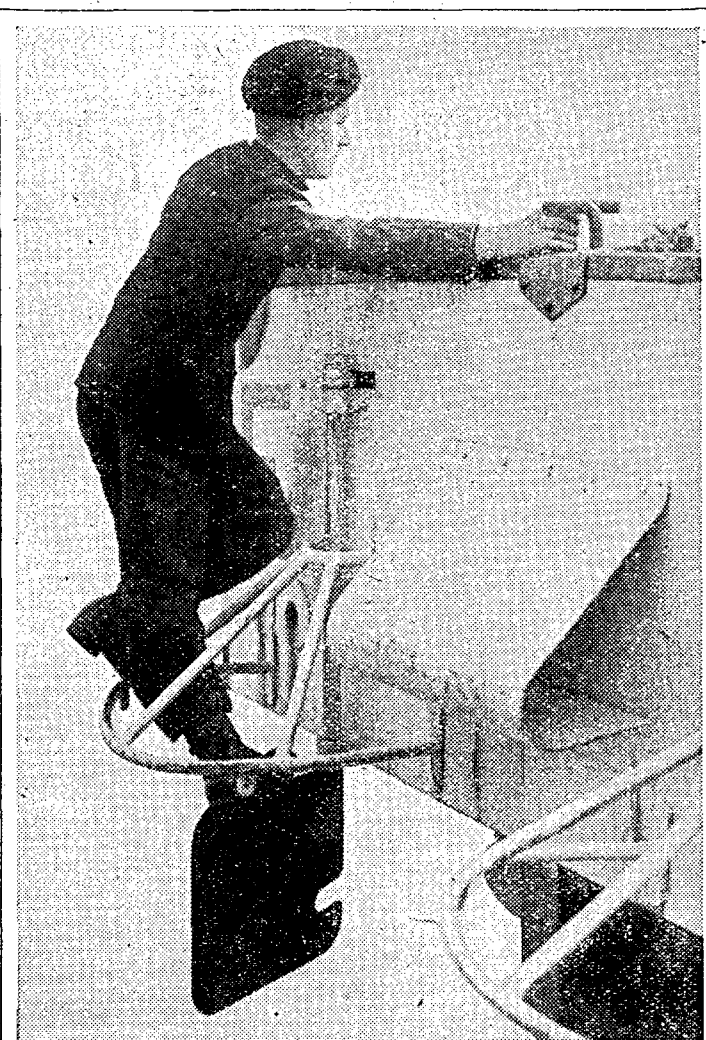
France's other intrinsic watchwords have been equality and fraternity. Even though she may have never attained them completely, yet her people have built up ideals of democracy and brotherhood which have raised France to an honoured place among the nations that have given a noble quest to the sons of men. It is to restore that quest to the souls of the people of France that the Allies now march across her fields. France's past is precious and inspiring, but it is to the France of the future that we all look hopefully now.

A New Destiny

France may rise a different nation from anything that we have known in the past. She may carve out a new destiny for herself among the nations. The ingenuity and zeal of her people have been displayed magnificently in the past. French men and French women have never been daunted by great obstacles, and now that they have reached a strategic moment in their history they will assuredly rise to great heights.

THIS is indeed no time to instruct France or to lecture her for any past shortcomings. She must be allowed without let or hindrance to rise again and shake off the shackling impediments of recent days and thus become the strong, united nation she can in truth be. Unity is the first necessity for the restored France, a unity which will run through her life from the highest to the lowest. By proving to all Frenchmen that they wish them well, freedom-loving men and women who love France, will help her people to perfect that unity and thereby ensure for her such a future that all the world will again turn to her as a leader of civilisation.

CHILDREN'S EVERY TUESDAY 3d
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The Steersman

The steering gear of this landing craft having been damaged as it was launched on D Day, Corporal G. E. Tandy of the Royal Marines went over the stern and operated the rudder with his foot. It was a 14-mile trip, out and back, through shellfire and mined waters. Tandy was high out of the water one minute and the next plunged deep into the sea.

A FABLE WITHOUT A MORAL

Nor long ago we gave news of the lions which are such a great attraction at the Chester Zoo—sunny-tempered Patrick, bad-tempered Nero, Cassandra and her cubs. Now we learn that Patrick is still giving delight to all by proving himself an ideal father to three new cubs.

Another centre of attraction at Chester is the lion Mowgli, who for three years has allowed a small dog named Peter the full freedom of its own quarters. Far from living the

proverbial cat-and-dog life, Mowgli and Peter remain firm friends, and whenever Mowgli gives forth his mighty roar (usually at night, unfortunately) his admiring guest gets on his haunches and tries to do the same. Needless to say the result is merely a howl, and not exactly a howling success.

Aesop would point a moral in the story. For our part we can only point to the fun of it all. But certainly the dog Peter is lionised at Chester Zoo.

A Tale of Ten Boys and Three Men

YEARS ago in 1924 when Mussolini made Scouting illegal and confiscated equipment and flags, ten boys tore a silk national pre-Fascist flag into ten strips, and each boy kept one strip.

Each of these ten boys signed an oath to guard his strip and keep Scouting alive in his heart

until the flag could fly again. Since that time four of the boys have died and three have disappeared. The three others have come forward with their strips to show that they have kept their oaths in spite of the death penalty imposed on anyone found with a part of the national flag.

THE TEHERAN PLAN UNFOLDS

THE battlefield which three years ago an exultant Hitler called the Stalin Line is today being called by that very much troubled tyrant the Fatherland Line. Thus does he hope to sustain the morale of his people and their satellite allies in the face of an assault which is daily gathering strength.

The Stalin Line was constructed to resist the Nazi drive through White Russia to Moscow, for that part of the Soviet lies nearest to East Prussia. So it is toward this much-prized province of the Reich that Stalin has opened with vigour and success his summer campaign, his flying start in that exciting race to Berlin, the goal of every Allied army now in Europe.

The grand combined assault planned at Teheran is today in being, and Hitler has to scheme defence on three fronts as well as meet the unceasing attack from overhead.

There is indeed no gap in the storm clouds now gathered around and over Hitler's fortress. His allies in Finland have been forced to disgorge ill-gotten gains north and south of Lake Onega, while in the Karelian Isthmus the Russians have advanced beyond Viipuri.

As to the Russian progress in White Russia, the Germans themselves do not believe this to be their most serious danger, but an attack south of the Pripiet Marshes, which might well force Hungary and the Balkan States out of the war.

In Italy General Alexander is keeping up his remorseless pres-

sure northward, though General Kesselring has received fresh help from far afield.

In France Rommel, as we write, is being checkmated once again by Montgomery, who has converted a beachhead into a very formidable bridgehead which now has in Cherbourg a naval base of the first rank.

Not only so, but new springboards for air attack have been added to our island which has been rightly termed the aircraft carrier of the planes of liberty.

The U-boats are dominated in the high seas, and the E-boats are almost powerless, so Hitler and his Nazis are at last entirely on the defensive. But the same may be generally said of Tojo and the Japs. Their progress has been decisively halted in Burma, New Guinea is practically freed, and, most important of all, by their success at Saipan Island and the defeat of a strong squadron of the Japanese fleet, the American Task Force 58 has thrust a very threatening wedge into the defence lines of Japan itself.

The Axis hopes of victory are fading fast, yet it is up to every one of us to maintain our all-out effort, whatever it may be, for the great cause until the day of unconditional surrender arrives.

An Attack in Cherbourg Roads

WHEN the hour arrived for the Allied naval forces to join in the attack on Cherbourg it was an American Rear-Admiral who directed the operations.

It was not the first time that Cherbourg had heard the sound of American guns, for in her roadstead 80 years ago took place a thrilling sea fight in which American fought American.

In 1864 the American Civil War was raging. The Federal, or Northern, cruiser Kearsage was lying in Cherbourg Roads one peaceful Sunday morning in the June of that year, and the crew was about to hold Divine Service, when suddenly she was attacked by a sleek, one-funnelled craft which darted out of Cherbourg Harbour. Her foe was the famous Confederate, or Southern, craft, Alabama, which had been a menace to Federal shipping for two years, and had sunk over 60 merchantmen.

But on this occasion it was the Alabama herself who was to suffer. The fight, a brisk one, lasted nearly two hours. At the end of that time, the Alabama was sunk. The victors at once displayed the quality of mercy, asking the captain of a British yacht which went to rescue survivors to do all possible for the

defeated enemy. The result of the yacht's efforts was that only a very small number of the Alabama's crew lost their lives.

The sinking of the Alabama ended what might have become a source of serious trouble between our country and the Federal Government of America, for the Alabama was built on Merseyside to the order of the Confederates.

On completion she slipped out of British waters, though without guns, and went to a spot near the Azores where the rebel government supplied her with arms and munitions for her raiding career.

The Northern States protested that we had carelessly allowed her to "escape," but eventually common sense, reason—and a large sum of money awarded by a neutral tribunal as compensation—prevailed, and the incident was peacefully closed.

The Alabama affair may be said to have introduced a new note into international relations, and certainly the willingness of the British and American Governments to abide by the decision of a Swiss, an Italian, and a Brazilian, led to that mutual friendship which has proved so valuable, not only to themselves, but to the world.

SAVING 99 PER CENT OF WOUNDED

THE further improvements in surgery and medical care are reported, to be saving the lives of 99 per cent of every 100 men wounded in Normandy.

In the war of 1914-1918 it was estimated that eleven per cent of the wounded were lost. The corresponding figure today is less than one per cent. Medical services have become so efficient and speedy that men wounded in France in the morning are

safely lodged in a general hospital in Britain by nightfall.

Gangrene was feared from the soil of France, but we have had very few cases; those we have had were mostly in German wounded who had been lying for a day or two before we rescued them.

Another notable fact is that a new anaesthetic named pentothal is now being used with penicillin to ease pain and reduce infection.

The Bridge That Bailey Built

THERE is an old proverb which says "Praise the bridge which carries you over." We are sure that no sappers would quarrel with this advice, for they know how vital it is to get the army through.

Every boy has had his bridge of dreams, and who has not thrilled to see some mighty engineering wonder spanning a chasm or thrown from bank to bank across a raging torrent. This is the tale of a bridge no longer a vision but a reality of vital importance to our soldiers.

The story begins in the dark days of 1940 when we had no emergency bridge strong enough to bear our Matilda and Churchill tanks. When all else had failed a rough sketch drawn on the back of an envelope by Mr Donald Bailey, a 42-year-old civil engineer in the Ministry of Supply revived hope.

Some six months later the first completed bridge had passed its trials, and today it has earned this tribute from General Montgomery: "It is quite the best thing in that line we have ever had. It will be needed everywhere we go in Europe."

One of the big problems of production was lack of factory space. Now parts are being made by bedstead makers, manufacturers of greenhouses and window-frames, and makers of canoe paddles.

We are told that Mr Bailey, who was awarded the OBE in the New Year Honours, is fond of playing with his six-year-old son's construction set. Who knows but that it was this ingenious toy which gave him the spark of inspiration he needed. For his bridge is quite as simple, each 10-foot section, made up of 17 component parts, being joined to the next by only one steel pin. There are nine other parts in the foundation, but the heaviest can be handled by six men. Without pontoons, the Bailey bridge can span a gap of 240 feet, but the largest bridge in use, with pontoons, is 1200 feet long.

In Italy a 300-foot gap across the Trigno was bridged in 36 hours. Today the bridge is proving invaluable in France.

Protecting the Soldier

IT is stated that before the invasion troops went to France they were issued with new shirts, impregnated with a solution to kill lice, perhaps the soldier's worst enemies apart from his human opponents.

The insects are carriers of typhus, and field tests made in North Africa showed the new methods of fighting them to be thoroughly satisfactory. The chemical used does not affect the human body, and has no unpleasant smell. It is hoped that thin textiles impregnated with the protective solution may help to keep down epidemics in countries where typhus rages.

The solution used is known as DDT and it is produced on a large scale in the United States. Some experiments took place in this country, but the development was carried out by America. The solution is also fatal to flies, bugs, beetles, mosquitoes, dog fleas, and some of the pests that attack fruit and other crops.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

OVER 200,000 planes have in four years been ferried from the factories to their bases by the Civilian Air Transport Auxiliary.

CEMA have given more than 8000 concerts in the last two years.

The Australian Red Cross Society has sent £160,000 to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St John Fund.

Humanity Keeps an Appointment is the title of a new, shilling booklet telling the story of the Red Cross and St John War Organisation.

Livers of certain fish found in South African waters produce a vitamin A extract nearly twenty times richer than the finest European cod liver oil. Its production is already on a large scale.

Half the wheat needed by our 55,000 bakers to make our annual four million tons of bread is now home-grown by Britain's farmers.

A NEW liquid extract from corn cobs, known as Furfural, is being used in America to make high octane aviation petrol.

Using old sacks as his canvas, a British prisoner of war in Germany has been painting religious pictures for his camp chapel with adapted shaving brushes.

Dog-owners are specially urged by the Ministry of Agriculture to see that their dogs do not damage farm crops or harry livestock.

Over 151,000 works of fiction have so far been sent out to prisoners of war in Germany by the Red Cross and St John. A further 67,000 have been added to the special Red Cross book

reserve established at Geneva to meet prisoners' demands.

Industrial science in Palestine has evolved an effective substitute for plywood in "Tirzalit," a material made from orange peel.

It is officially stated that 125 million maps were used by the United States invasion forces. The greater number of these were based on aerial photographs.

Among the students who took degrees at Cambridge on Degree Day, June 20, was Flying Officer E. K. Kitson, of Chorley, blinded in flying operations.

Among the personnel of a bomber station in the North of England 16 nationalities are represented.

A novel introduction into Sheffield's Holidays-at-Home programme this year was an inter-denominational church service held in one of the city's smaller parks, the congregation numbering nearly 500.

Plans are being made with the Allied Governments to help underground news-sheets to continue as regular established publications as the countries of Europe are freed.

Our Lending Helps Their Lending was the slogan introduced on D Day by the National War Savings group at Grosvenor House, London.

Every day 10,000 letters from home to Invasion Forces are wrongly addressed. The Army Postal Services, which have hitherto been trying to correct the mistakes themselves, may soon be obliged to return all such letters as undeliverable.

Liberation News Reel

THE HQ controlling the invasion of Normandy is built underground in certain English hills and is staffed mainly by the signal corps of the Allied armies.

ATS girls of mixed AA batteries are on active service in Normandy.

Thirty girls, selected for their mathematical ability, worked out the amount of supplies which would be needed by the armies of invasion.

By bombing the harbours of Le Havre and Boulogne, the RAF accounted for 80 ships within 48 hours.

Some members of General de Gaulle's provisional government have arrived in Normandy to enlist a volunteer army of Frenchmen.

Some of the Germans in Normandy are using wooden bullets.

ALLIED leaflets advising German soldiers how to surrender are being dropped in France.

Youth News Reel

DURING the recent Scout "Good Turn" effort on behalf of the Boy Scout Relief Abroad Fund, an eleven-year-old Lewisham Wolf Cub performed more than 40 tasks and raised £2 5s 5d.

When Kidderminster Scouts and Guides recently organised a big Fair in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund, the Town Hall became so crowded that at one time admission had to be refused. £700 was raised for the Fund.

The age of service in the Sea Cadet Corps has been fixed at between the ages of 14 and 17.

So great was the gale recently experienced on the Normandy beaches that landing craft were hurled on top of each other by the waves, and had to be disentangled by bulldozers.

During the assault on the beaches the Belgian coaster Marcel went so close inshore that she ran aground, and her cargo was unloaded direct into lorries on the beaches.

The first Free French newspaper in the liberated area has been given the title of La Renaissance du Bessin, and will take the place of the German-controlled Journal de Bayeux.

Seven hundred members of the Seaborne Observer Corps took part in the D Day operations.

Fewer mines and booby traps have been encountered in Normandy than were anticipated.

The two German army and navy chiefs who surrendered at Cherbourg were found in a shelter thirty feet deep.

Boys Brigade officers who wish to attend the Brigade Training School at Taunton from August 1 to 8 should apply at once to BB Headquarters.

Selected boys from the Sea Cadets, Army Cadets, A.T.C. Boys Brigade, and the Boys Club Movement will take part in every event at a big inter-organisation athletic meeting at the Polytechnic Stadium, Chiswick, on Saturday, July 29.

New York Scouts and Cubs have collected 2,500,000 pounds of wastepaper in three months, the proceeds going to the Red Cross or Service funds.

A Master Painting Is Lost

ARTISTS and lovers of art will grieve at the news that Richard Wilson's Niobe, one of the treasures of the Tate Gallery, was destroyed in a recent air raid. We could ill afford to lose this much admired work of a great portrait and landscape painter who, with Gainsborough, prepared the way for Crome, Constable, and Turner.

Richard Wilson, born in Montgomeryshire, studied in London, and went to Italy when he was 35, staying there for six years, during which he combined very happily the classical ideals with his own personality. He ex-

hibited The Destruction of the Children of Niobe in London in 1760, and this work placed him in the front rank of contemporary painters. Those were the days when the Royal Academy was actually being founded, and English painters were building up a school of their own the like of which we have not since seen.

Neglected during his lifetime, and his paintings unappreciated for decades after his death in 1782, Richard Wilson is, today acknowledged as one of the Old Masters, every work of his brush (and he used but one brush) being worthy of preservation.

THE UNUSUAL VISITOR

A CORRESPONDENT tells of an unusual visitor to his bungalow in a Kent wood. A half-grown magpie appeared outside the door, evidently in trouble, for it had only one eye and bore other traces of having been in the wars. After the poor bird was picked up, it ate and drank greedily, and spent the rest of the day either perched on its benefactor's shoulder or in exploring the bungalow. Towards evening the magpie began to make further explorations, and before dark had disappeared.

YOUR HAIR FOR THE WOUNDED

IN this strange war there are some strange ways in which those who must remain at home can help those who go forth into battle. For example, you can give your hair.

Scalp wounds have been the lot of fighting-men and civilians alike. Human hair is needed to repair all such injury if only by means of wigs, supplied by the Ministry of Pensions. Now Sir Walter Womersley, the good-humoured and forthright Yorkshire business man who is doing such a good job as Minister of Pensions, has received all the human hair he needs at present.

Supplies came from thousands of women all over the country, including a little eight-year-old girl who told Sir Walter that she wanted to help someone else's daddy, because her daddy had been so kindly treated in hospital.

WILD RUBBER

As an experiment, convict labour is being used for collecting wild rubber in the densely-forested Ikum region of Southern Nigeria, whose rubber resources were totally unknown before the war.

Living in forest camps, some 300 specially-chosen prisoners are helping to supply the 25 production centres now at work in the area.

STATE CONTROL OF THE ETHER

THE British Institution of Radio Engineers, in a report issued recently, visualised a nation-wide television scheme, with a possible extension across the Atlantic.

Also mentioned in the report are coloured stereoscopic vision relayed to cinemas, and big increases in broadcasting by the introduction of short-wave transmissions as used in America.

The Radio Engineers declare, however, that all these developments are dependent on State control of the ether.

THE WISE BENEFACTOR

YEAR after year the Pilgrim Trust goes on doing its good deeds; and its 13th Annual Report tells how £67,249 was distributed during 1943 to social, education, and war services, as well as to the preservation of national treasures, including the prehistoric monument of Avebury and Sir Isaac Newton's house and library.

Not the least of the Pilgrim Trust's beneficent undertakings had been its support of St Loeys College, Exeter, opened in 1937 for the training and rehabilitation of the disabled. The war, of course, brought a new urgency to its work, and after a period of rapid development St Loeys claims to have at least the nucleus of everything a comprehensive rehabilitation centre should include.

Since its foundation by Edward Harkness in 1930 the Pilgrim Trust has distributed £1,242,285 to worthy causes; and it continues to wield its benevolent influence with far-seeing wisdom.

NAAFI PALACE

THE first NAAFI to be established in a palace has just been opened at Naples.

It is in the Royal Palace, and is the largest NAAFI ever provided for troops; it caters for 10,000 daily, seats 7000, and can arrange 1300-meals at a time.

Large framed notices around its walls give this information: "This historic and beautiful building was for 300 years the home of the rulers of Naples and Kingdom of the Sicilies.

"Within its walls Nelson and his officers were received by Ferdinand I in 1793. Once again it extends a welcome to British forces."



The Barber Calls

So busy are the fitters and riggers at this R A F station that the squadron barber gives them attention at the scene of their jobs.

SLIGHTLY

ONE of a famous squadron of bombers now in Normandy, each of them picturesquely named, bears the title Slightly Dangerous. Now, if not exactly Peter Puckish, this name is emphatically Peter Pannish, for one of Peter Pan's company of Lost Boys is that delightful duffer, Slightly. With the misplaced gravity and sense of self-satisfaction that promise him immortality, he explains to the other boys how he came by his name. "My mother was fonder of me than yours were of you," he says, and then, "Peter had to make up names for you, but my mother wrote my name on the pinafore I was lost in. Slightly Soiled, that's my name."

Doubtless Slightly Dangerous owes its name to the British penchant for understatement; but in any case we wish it less of the Slightly and more of the Dangerous—to our enemies!

Six Stout Lads A-Dancing

SAVING campaigns throughout the country continue to bring to light the ancient customs of our villages. Here is a story of the little-known traditional sword dance performed recently at Greneside, Yorkshire, as part of the Salute the Soldier campaign.

The dancers wore flowered tunics and white trousers striped with red and black velvet. A semi-Dutch element was introduced into the performance by the dancers' clogs. The quaint costume has in many cases been handed down for generations, and there were dancers at that gay ceremony whose forefathers performed the solemn ritual three or more generations ago.

One member of the team has been dancing for 30 years at Christmas-time, when the dance is generally performed. Tradition has it that in the old days only the miners of the district performed the dance, but gradually the villagers are becoming more lenient in their choice.

Before the ritual on this occasion the captain of the team, Mr Arthur Kirk, sang the age-long song about his "six stout lads who will dance now that Christmas is drawing nigh."

Let us hope some more of these delightful rural customs come to notice. They are good to hear about.

HERO WORSHIP

MOST boys have a keen interest in aircraft and the men who fly them; and an officer of the U S A A F, Lieutenant John C. Van Arsdale, must have been highly gratified by a letter he has just received. The letter came from nine-year-old Peter Turner, who lives in East Anglia and is evidently well up in aircraft recognition.

Lieutenant Van Arsdale, a keen golfer, had advertised in a local newspaper for second-hand golf balls. Peter wrote to ask if he would swap two packets of "candy" or chewing-gum for four golf balls he had, and was sorry he had no more to offer. But Peter added this sentence:

"If you fly a B17 or a B24 you can have them for nothing." Could any Fortress pilot have expected a finer compliment?

FISHING STORY

ALMOST everything in Canada is done on the grand scale, and the fishing industry is, certainly no exception. But even Canadians have been impressed by a record catch off the coasts of British Columbia. In one day's fishing seven men on the Western Mariner caught 530 tons of pilchards.

This catch should fill a lot of tins for it represents about 3,180,000 pilchards; but getting the fish to the canneries was no small problem, for when the crew closed the net after encircling the fish they soon found that they had far more than their ship and its tender could accommodate. Extra help was summoned by wireless, and even then it took 36 hours to empty the net.

THE NUTRITIVE DOUGHNUT

THE sausage has often been referred to as mysterious, because it may contain so many unknown things. Quite the contrary is the new American doughnut, which is consumed on such an enormous scale in the United States that the Government have specified certain nutritive chemicals which it must contain.

Forty per cent of all American doughnuts as now sold are enriched with thiamine, niacin, riboflavin, and iron.

WHAT TO DO WITH FATHER

BOBBY's father came home from overseas the other day, and Bobby, who is four, was delighted with the Daddie he had never seen before. It was thrilling having somebody to play with all day, somebody to talk to, somebody to do things for you.

After a little very private conversation in the garden, Bobby ran indoors shouting excitedly: "Mummie, Daddie says he'll come and live with us after the war!"

But later in the day Bobby changed his tune. He was not asleep at eight o'clock, so Father went upstairs and spoke somewhat severely. The little fellow's mouth drooped, and turning to his mother he said tremulously: "Mummie, put him out—we don't need him after all!"

LIFE-SAVERS

MANY are the calls made for the services of the lifeboatmen round our coasts, and not all come from shipwrecked men.

For instance, on an island off the west coast of Ireland three children were dangerously ill with diphtheria, and to save their lives it was essential that certain drugs be obtained without delay. But there were none on the island, and a gale was raging with heavy seas running. So the Arranmore lifeboat took the doctor to the mainland, and he was able to return with the vital drugs in time to save the children's lives.

THE DWINDLING OF OUR YOUTH

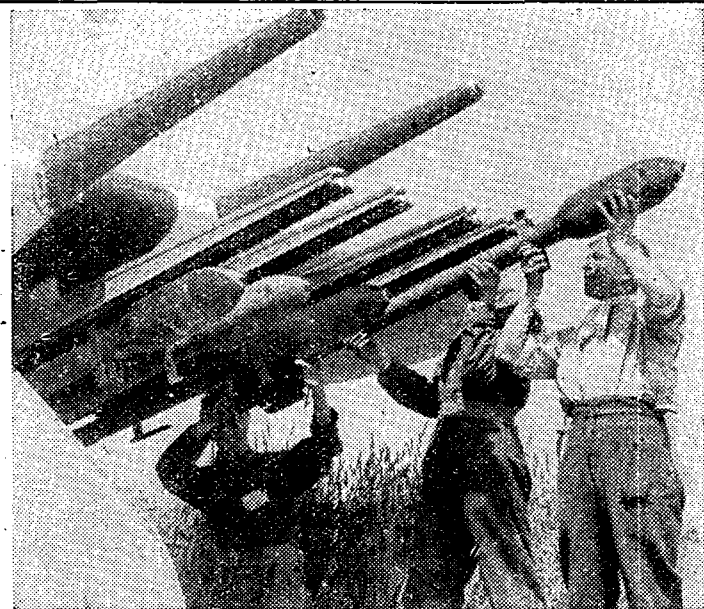
IN a pamphlet entitled The Young Worker, the Ministry of Labour reviews over a generation of work with juveniles, and surveys the future. It is stated that in 1956 we shall have to face a decrease of 500,000 young people, while the raised school-leaving age will keep many away from work until they are over 16.

There are now 2,750,000 boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18, where in 1937 the number was 3,250,000.



Off to Normandy

London soldiers in cheerful mood enjoy a little refreshment before embarking with reinforcements for the Allied armies in Normandy.



Winged Battery

Loading-up a Typhoon with rocket projectiles on a landing strip somewhere in Normandy

WORK—NOT THE DOLE

Soldiers bound for Normandy asked: "Ernie, when we have done this job, are we coming back to the dole?" Both the Prime Minister and Mr Ernest Bevin answered "No, you are not!"

THIS question and answer supplied the keynote to Mr Bevin's speech in the House of Commons, when he opened the recent debate on the White Paper on Full Employment. (Readers will recall that we gave a Summary of this Paper in the C.N. of June 10.) Here is the full passage in which the Minister of Labour expressed his faith:

"With the Prime Minister I had the opportunity of visiting one of the ports and seeing the men of the 50th Division, among others, going aboard the ships; gallant, brave men, no complaints, going off to face this terrific battle with brave hearts and brave courage. The one question they put to me as I walked through the ranks was, 'Ernie, when we have done this job for you, are we coming back to the dole?' The Prime Minister and I answered 'No, you are not.' I hoped that answer to those brave men would be supported by the House and that their policy will be directed to making it a fact, not only to those men, but to future generations."

Mr Bevin went on to say that though Governments might change—and would change, he

hoped—any member who refused to accept the principle of full employment would not be returned to the House.

Mr Bevin then dealt with the main features of the Government's employment policy, declaring that the general level of wages ought to be related to productivity. If that had been done in the 19th century, our standard of living would have been double what it is today. Continuing, Mr Bevin reminded the House that before the war there were about 15,000,000 people insured against unemployment, of whom about 1,700,000 on an average were unemployed. In future they would have a "man power budget" and act upon vital information, for this would reveal whether employment would rise or fall. Should a fall be projected, it would be for the Ministry of Labour to hoist the danger signal to the Cabinet.

Mr Bevin said that he agreed with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement that the national budget would be balanced over a period of years. That would not trespass upon sound finance. The main purpose of the White Paper and its policy was to declare war upon unemployment, and to indicate how our resources should be harnessed for that purpose.

In the debate that followed there was general support for the Government's attitude.

A Musical Compliment

WILL our victories in Italy call forth a musical tribute from its harmony-loving people? Under different circumstances Germany has been musically complimentary to British arms. Wellington's victory at Vittoria in 1813, freeing Spain from French invasion, prompted Beethoven to write what we know in England as his Battle Symphony, but which he called Wellington's Victory or The Battle of Vittoria.

Introducing our National Anthem into it, he said, "I must show the English what a blessing they have in God Save the King." He dedicated it to our unmannerly Prince Regent, who acknowledged neither the copy

of the music nor the letter that the composer sent him, a discourtesy that Beethoven felt acutely; but Drury Lane audiences again and again acclaimed the performance of the work.

By more than a quarter of a century, however, a composer named Kotzwara, a native of Prague, had anticipated Beethoven by making our National Anthem the victorious conclusion of his composition The Battle of Prague. This, as a pianoforte solo, enjoyed immense popularity in this country for at least a century.

Will any European composer, liberated from the latest and most hated yoke, enjoy a similar inspiration—and success?

Our Links With Normandy

TEMPORARY homes in England have been provided for some of the people of Normandy over whose villages and towns the trail of warfare has passed. Those among them who are students of their romantic past will find in this country much to make them feel "at home from home."

Some of the noblest of our castles, cathedrals, and churches are the work of Norman builders. The Tower of London, with the White Tower as his fortress-palace, was built by the Conqueror.

In our language and literature, too, the scholar from Normandy will find links with the past as strong as the massive relics of the inspired Norman architects and masons whose works still enrich our land. During the Conqueror's reign some 200,000 Normans settled in England, and later came many others. Distinguished for their learning, many of the Norman churchmen, administrators, and traders made a permanent impress on the written and spoken language of their adopted land. The English language became despised, banished to the kitchen and the cottage, with no one to write it. French supplanted it as the language of the Court and aristocracy, while Latin was the language of the Church. For three centuries only peasants used English as the medium of speech, but it gradually emerged, and it fell to Chaucer to restore the vulgar tongue to a position of honour.

The Norman influence, however, is still with us. The Normans gave our language the terms we use in war, in law, religion, politics, art, hunting, and even cooking. So firm was the hold of Norman-French upon our literary life that not until the reign of George the Second (1727-1760) was the English language substituted for French for recording legal proceedings.

No Norman making his temporary home with us need feel a stranger in a land with Norman associations so many and so romantically enduring.

THIS HAPPY BAND

BATTERSEA GRAMMAR SCHOOL BAND, which played recently in a Children's Hour broadcast, has made over 80 public appearances since the school was evacuated from London.

Both in its civilian role and as the band of the School Battalion of the Army Cadet Force, for which the boys wear the black beret and badge of the Royal Tank Regiment, it is in great demand. It has headed military and civic parades, played the hymns and voluntaries for drum-head services, and provided the accompaniment to massed singing by school choirs at the Hertford and District School Music Festivals; and during this month is playing in the London parks as part of the LCC Holidays at Home programme.

The Battersea Grammar School Band has broadcast twice, and after the first occasion was asked by a concert promoter in Portugal to consider the possibility of a tour in that country after the war. The conductor is Dr Harold C. Hind.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

The Child as Artist

THE freshness of outlook which a child brings to its studies, to its hobbies, or to its play is one of the supreme delights of those whose youth lingers only in their hearts. And nowhere is this freshness of outlook and freedom of fancy more manifest than in their drawing and painting.

We are reminded of this by Sir Max Beerbohm, who speaks with the authority of an artist and critic whose distinction is outstanding. In opening an exhibition of children's pictures recently, Sir Max said:

Children have a great advantage in that they can draw their fantasy. Their fantasy is untrammelled and uncluttered by the dismal thing, the reasoning faculty. How much more fantastical we are in our dreams than in our waking hours. The wings of our fantasy can take flight. There is spontaneity of fantasy in these children's drawings, and also the children can draw with a sort of freedom of line which most grown-up people lose and only the great masters of painting and drawing retain in their majority, and develop it of course. There is the quality of freedom in draughtsmanship.

South Africa's Wise Decision

THOUGH South Africa is to increase her revenue from the taxes by over £5,000,000 next year, she is to spend £975,000 more on new pensions' concessions and health services.

We are delighted to read that the feeding-scheme for children, at present confined to surplus milk and butter, is to be extended to provide one meal a day to every child at school, irrespective of colour or race. This step is being taken in order to reduce malnutrition and will eventually cost at least £1,000,000 a year.

CARRY ON

Transient Hope

THE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns ashes—or prospers; and anon, Like snow upon the desert's dusty face Lighting a little Hour or two, is gone. Omar Khayyam

TRUE RICHES

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life. The Book of Proverbs

WARRIORS FR

WHILE not exalting them before any of their brothers-in-arms, we must all feel a special thrill of admiration for the paratroops and the men towed in gliders into the heat of battle.

It is the menace of dangers unknown and unknowable that daunts the inconstant mind. The Nazis proved in Crete what airborne troops can do. In Normandy our men of the air face defences a thousandfold more strong and ingenious; for to the hazards of the aerial descent under fire is added the prospect of cunningly-hidden landmines, and then grenades and every type of gunfire, all before foothold is secure and the thews are braced for self-defence.

THE OCEA

THE recent death of Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the United States Navy, left in abeyance the fate of his proposal to bridge the space between the end of the war and the formation of an international plan by forming an oceanic peace patrol.

The scheme secured the support of many distinguished people, including our own Prime Minister and the heads of the British Admiralty. It was the hope of Colonel Knox that the

Under the E

A NATURALIST says he loves trees as some people love dogs. And knows them by their barks.

PETER WAN KNC

HOUSEWIVES are always looking for something fresh for breakfast. What about a fresh egg?

MUSICIANS should be given pensions. They could do with a few extra notes.

A COUNTRYWOMAN says selling mint is profitable. She must have a mint of money.



If flower should be in th

The Book

WHEN we are stirred by the thought of the wonders of this world it may occur to us sometimes that there is nothing much more wonderful than this—that in these days of millions of books, and of thousands of millions of papers, there is no other printed page with power to touch the hearts of men as the Bible does.

It is yellow with age, and travel-stained. It has come through many ages, many hands, and many lands. It has come out of the world of Noah and his ark, of Abraham and his flock, into a world their shepherd races could not dream of; but it has come inspired with such a power as our own world

REAL TRIUMPH

EACH time a nation has been able to save a war it has won a victory. Aristide Briand

FROM THE SKY

Here, as in the immortal lines,
"matter deep and dangerous":
"full of peril and adventurous
spirit"
"is to o'erwalk a current, roaring
in the unsteadfast footing of a
spear."

The invincible spirit enabling
our heroes to face such condi-
tions is a re-birth of the spirit
that gave us our Commonwealth,
the spirit of those pioneers who
entered into lands unmapped.
The Empire is the harvest from
the seed they sowed by triumph-
ing over fear. That is the spirit
lazing out afresh in the shining
alour of the warriors who today
are swooping down from the
roubled skies of Normandy.

NAVY PATROL

British Navy would take the
art of protecting the Atlantic,
the Mediterranean, and the
Indian Ocean, while America
guarded the Pacific as far west
as Singapore, in addition to the
Western Atlantic region covering
islands and bases which would
protect both North and South
America.

We trust the plan will not be
forgotten, for there is un-
doubtedly a great deal to be
aid for it.

Editor's Table

LUCK SAILOR'S eyes are deep
set. With being set
on the deep.

TO A CERTAIN captain has
been posted to
Algiers. Hope he had a
good address.

W Good gardeners are
said to have green
fingers. But most of
those we have seen have
black ones.

THE modern girl does
not know how to
spend the big money she
earns. Then she had
better save it.

of Books

can hardly understand. It
comes to us, in the stress and
strain of our life today, like
music from a far country. It
is like cooling waters in a hot
and thirsty land. It is like a
till small voice—that speaks
to a troubled soul in the night
and says, Be strong and of good
courage.

It has a wondrous story. It
is seventy books made into one.
It was written by hundreds of
men through a thousand years.
It begins with a poem and ends
with a dream, and between the
poem and the dream are some of
the greatest and wisest and most
beautiful things that men have
ever written. *Arthur Mee*

GREAT SOWING

Sow an act, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a destiny.
Macaulay

From a Friend Far Off

We feel that we must pass on
to our readers this moving tribute
to Arthur Mee sent by air from
New Zealand to his old friend
and colleague J. A. H. (Sir John
Hammerston), whose own tribute
appeared in the CN under the
title *Hail and Farewell*.

DEAR J. A. H., This, written
on the anniversary of
Arthur Mee's death, fulfils my
desire to say thank you to you
for your expression of the regret
one felt but was unable to ex-
press at the passing of a life-
long friend. Also, for the re-
assurance—since justified—of
the continuation of the CN as
its founder would have wished—
that he, being dead, yet speaketh.

If his passing meant to us,
who had but met him through
his pen and yet so loved him,
such grief—such a feeling that
the world was a lonelier place
for his going—what must it
have meant to you who had
been privileged to be with him.
And yet—so real was the con-
tact with him—one pauses to
marvel that one had never seen
him in the flesh. "Goodbye all
of you. Farewell, England!"
moved me to tears, and a great
thankfulness at having known
Arthur Mee.

To you—my sincere thanks
and appreciation.

MARGARET DONALDSON

Tribute

"WHEN Home Guards are on
parade they look as in-
telligent as a schoolmaster,"
stated one little Yorkshire lass
when she was asked to write
an essay on "The soldiers in our
village" to stimulate Wortley's
"Salute the Soldier" campaign.

We do not know the school-
master of whom she evidently
approves, but we certainly agree
with her that there is some
quality in khaki which inspires
both the wearers and their
admiring young people.

JUST AN IDEA

The steady plodder is moving
faster than he thinks.

MIDSUMMER, 1944

THE night is warm in green
and balmy glades,
And little spirits now will come
to play;
We watch a phantasy as twilight
fades [array.
And, dreaming, fairies see in rich
Titania and her attendant elves
Come forth to frolic on the vil-
lage green;
In revelry they seem beside
themselves,
Dancing and sporting in the
moon's pale sheen.
Thus, for some hours, we would
forget the fear
That haunts us as war's demons
stalk abroad;
The magic of the past shall give
us cheer,
As Shakespeare's fairies gather
on the sward,
Though actors now perform in
grimier hue
Than elves in court of Oberon
once knew. *T. Pittaway*

No Knells For St Clement's

ST CLEMENT DANES is one of
London's most famous and
historic churches. But it is
much more—it is a building with
an abiding place in our affec-
tions.

Oranges and lemons say the
bells of St Clement's—who has
not sung those lines? Who in
childhood has not been merry
about the "peel" of those bells?
And what true Londoner does
not remember how the church
carillon, in happier days, used
to play the well-known tune, and
how in every springtime the
Danish colony of London would
there distribute oranges and
lemons to the children?

Alas, as we know too well, St
Clement's is stricken. Never-
theless, most of us have looked
forward to seeing it rebuilt, to
recognising it again as the
church we knew before the war.
And that is why the suggestions
that it is unwanted as a church,
and might be converted into a
concert hall, have shocked and
saddened hosts of people. To
many the very suggestion is van-
dalism; to countless others it is
gratuitous.

We think that Dr Johnson,
who used to sit in the gallery, in
his rare moments of listening,
would have had some devastat-
ing comment to make on such a
suggestion—and that his would
have been the very last word on
the subject. Certainly we can-
not visualise his sculptured
figure, fortunately uninjured,
looking toward his beloved Fleet
Street from the shades of a con-
cert hall!

St Clement Danes should re-
main St Clement Danes. For
not only do the walls and steeple
still stand, in good repair, but a
sum of about £20,000 has been
left for the specific purpose of
rebuilding it as a church on this
same site on which it has stood
for so many centuries—for eleven
centuries according to the tradi-
tion of its name, which links it
with the Danish Kings of
England.

No! This church must be re-
stored to its former sacred pur-
pose, for St Clement Danes is
not only a church—it is a tradi-
tion. And woe betide England
when Englishmen grow heedless
of tradition!

A MEDAL FOR MOTHER

MRS ANN UNITY PURKISS, of
Ingatstone, has been
honoured by the King for her
work as foster-mother to evacuee
children. This kind Essex house-
wife was awarded the British
Empire Medal in the Birthday
Honours, but she told a reporter
that it was queer to receive a
medal for something you like
doing.

She has three children of her
own, but since the outbreak of
the war she has looked after
eight others, and bought bicycles
for three of them.

Up at six each morning, Mrs.
Purkiss cooks and mends and
washes for her husband, a milk
roundsman, and their large
"family"; she even teaches her
young guests the piano. A won-
derful hand at baking cakes, she
believes in regular picnics.

No—there is no more room at
Mrs Purkiss's house in Green
Street, Ingatstone.

WHERE CROMWELL SPRANG TO FAME

THREE hundred years ago, on July 2, 1644, was fought Marston
Moor, one of the decisive battles of English history.
Concerning it the great Oliver Cromwell wrote, "Victory such
as never was since the world began, we routed the enemy.
God made them as stubble to our swords."

It was two years to the month
since the champions of the
people had risen against the
King. A series of brilliant
victories in the South had put
new hope into the hearts of the
Royalists. But in the North the
Marquess of Newcastle was
besieged in the city of York, and
Prince Rupert, with 18,000 troops
fresh from great triumphs,
"burst over the Lancashire hills"
to relieve him. Rupert's arrival
forced the Parliamentarians and
their Scottish allies to raise the
siege, but this was not enough
for him. Rupert was a brilliant
cavalry leader, but was ever head-
strong and impetuous, and,
though outnumbered by some
10,000 men, he determined to
engage the enemy.

Thus it was that on the
evening of July 2 the two armies
found themselves facing each
other across a large dyke. For
two long hours they waited thus,
loth to strike, the silence broken
only by a desultory cannonade.
Newcastle, who did not want to
fight, retired to his coach in high
dudgeon; and, convinced that
there would be no battle that
day, he fell asleep. But there
came for him a rude awakening,
for fiery and impatient Rupert,
unable to endure the nerve-
straining inactivity, ordered his
cavalry to charge across the
dyke.

Desperate though this action
was, its furious impetus carried
before it the left wing of the
Parliamentary cavalry, whose
officers and men were soon in
full flight. The Royalist infantry,
thrown into the assault, worked
such havoc in the ranks of their
opponents that four of the
Roundhead generals, Fairfax,
Neven, Manchester, and Leslie,

the Scots' leader, believing all
was lost, fled from the scene.

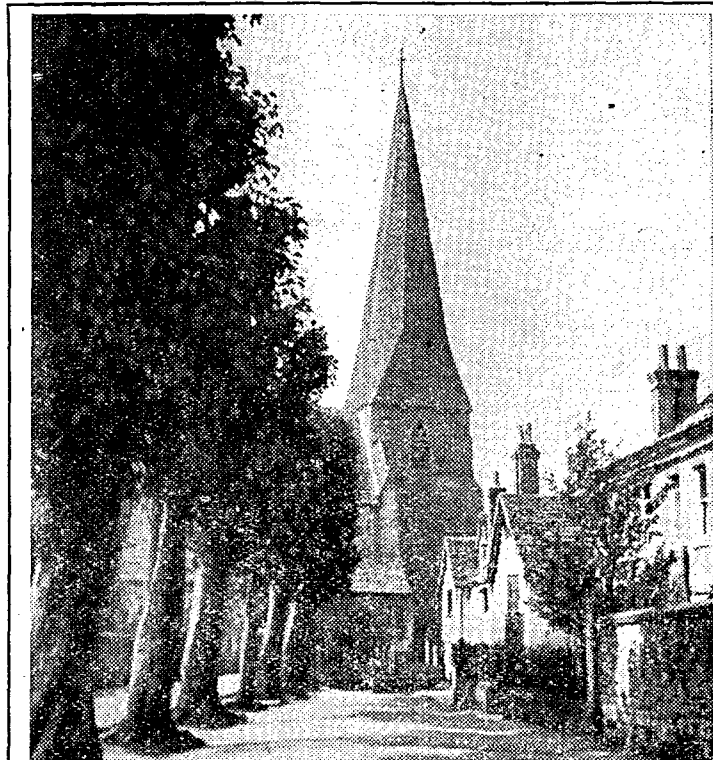
But Cromwell, nothing daun-
ted, assailed the Royalist cavalry
with his "Ironsides," and the
famous and unbeaten horsemen
of the Prince, who had so often
carried the day, were broken and
routed in disorder.

Scattered remnants of the
Royalist foot alone remained.
Newcastle's White-Coats, fighting
gallantly, retired into an en-
closure, where, to the last man,
they sold their lives dearly.
Some 4150 were later buried on
the moor; and nearly one
hundred colours and standards,
including that of Rupert and the
arms of the Palatinate, fell into
the victor's hands. Rupert, rally-
ing but 6000 of his men, escaped,
once more over the hills, into
Lancashire. But the flower of
Rupert's cavaliers lay slaugh-
tered on the field of battle.

The joyful and triumphant
armies burst into a Psalm of
thanksgiving; then, with a
Puritan battle-cry on their lips,
they thundered after the fugitive
cavaliers to the very gates of
York, where a week later in the
Minster they gave humble thanks
for their victory.

Over four more weary years
unhappy Charles was to struggle
against the tide of destiny, but
Marston Moor sounded the knell
of his cause. With it the King's
power in the North vanished.

And more . . . Upon the
field of battle there rose to his
full stature Oliver Cromwell, the
iron soldier and statesman, who,
"guided by faith and matchless
fortitude," was to lead the people
to final victory. Never again
would the British people endure
for long the rule of a tyrant.



THIS ENGLAND

A delightful approach to the ancient
church at Horsham in Sussex

A TOUCH OF NATURE FROM DOWN UNDER

Mrs Daisy Bates has again written to us from her lonely tent far away in the wilds of Australia, and this time she has told us much of her love of nature, and of her friends the birds, and the reptiles, which have long been her companions. Here is the touch that makes the whole world kin.

LAST night I thought of the many, many children at home whose parents may come to settle in Australia, and I wanted to let the children know something of Australia as a day by day place of living. I wonder what books they learn from which treat of Australian birds, animals, reptiles, and the little buttercups, at home . . . I am keen to compile a book of purely native things such as these, but as yet I cannot get forward with my idea . . . The little home children whose fathers and mothers will not be able to tell them anything of Australian life should be versed in Aboriginal folk lore, and also the growing flowers, animals, and bird pets, and so on.

I never cage a bird, but two of

my bird acquaintances here are the crow and the pied bell magpie. In my camp at Ooidea the crow would have a baby and as that baby grew and grew, it wanted to eat and eat all the time, and as soon as Kaangga (Central Bush word for crow) fed it, it wanted more, and more all the time, and Mamma Kaangga would bring it to my camp and I would give it bread and things, and would tumble the food into the cawing mouth. And still it cawed, and the aggravated mother would look at me and pick up bits of wood, leaves, anything . . . but from the beginning of its feeding both Beerlari (the pied bell magpie) and Kaangga had to stuff and stuff until the young "caws" were stopped by fullness.

Proud Days With the Potato

THE schoolchildren of Blackpool have won their way into an important Government publication; Mr J. J. Breeze, of Blackpool Grammar School, speaks with high praise in Agriculture, the journal of the Ministry of Agriculture, of their work for the Lancashire War Agricultural Committee, in helping to gather last year's potato harvest. The boys and girls thoroughly enjoyed the work, were reasonably well paid, and found that they developed "tremendous appetites." The average daily task occupied slightly under five hours,

and, as it was exceptional for any child to work on two days in succession, no complaints of fatigue were received.

During the six weeks of the harvest 62 farms were serviced by 2261 volunteers; 34,097 hours were worked; and over 2000 tons of potatoes were gathered. The pay was 8d an hour, but some farmers were so pleased that they paid the children bonuses. One of the farmers commented, "a grand scheme in these days of war, and a fine lot of boys and girls." During this year their help will be needed more than ever.

Russia Wants British Goods

IMPORTANT as well as interesting is the news that British firms have accepted an unexpected invitation from Stalin. This is to advertise in the chief technical journals of the U.S.S.R.

Despite her own immense and wonderful development in many branches of industry during the war years, Russia has need today, and will have need tomorrow, of vast supplies of British products. Engineering firms of all kinds in this country are satisfied about the extent of the field which awaits them in the Soviet Union, and the much-admired British textiles will find a ready market. Luxuries, too, are on the list, not for just now, perhaps, but for later on.

Two comparatively small items of British manufacture have always been famous all over the Continent—biscuits and pickles—and Russians are very partial to both. British-made kitchen utensils are much admired, but most of all British sanitary and plumbing equipment is valued and wanted.

Undoubtedly, too, British shipyards will cater for Soviet needs, not so much in vessels for the Red Navy as in pleasure craft for the Black Sea and the Baltic. Though Russia's European seaboard is small and confined compared with her vast land area, it is large enough to provide many thousands of yachtsmen with their favourite sport. Kronstadt, Tallinn, and Riga in the Baltic, and Odessa, Novorossisk, and the Crimea on the Black Sea have always been the favourite haunts of yachtsmen as keen and as highly-skilled as any in the world.

TYRANT IN EXILE

THE Italian island of Elba, recently captured from the Germans by French troops, is a place which immediately calls to mind the name of Napoleon. There, in that mountainous four score square miles, he was a prisoner from his abdication in 1814 until his escape and return to France in the following year.

When finally a captive at St Helena Napoleon was wont to review those Elba days. "I was very well off in Elba," he once said. "I had a princely household; I was more independent than any of the German princes, and I thought of collecting around me the artists of Italy." We may doubt his statement that on first being taken to the island he had no intention of ever quitting it. But why did he do so? He said that he was insulted in his absence by the French Press; and he profited by the fact (which he greatly resented) that he was thought so unimportant as a prisoner that insufficient guard was kept over his little prison-kingdom.

But it was a newspaper paragraph that finally decided Napoleon to return. It was the report of a State banquet in France which, as he saw it, showed that the bulk of the Army still remained loyal to him. He sailed secretly from Elba, never to see it again. Three months later he met his Waterloo, and was finally dethroned and transferred to another island—St Helena, from which there was to be no return during his lifetime.

THE SUNS OF CORONA BOREALIS

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE famous constellation of Corona Borealis, the Northern Crown, may now be readily recognised as soon as the sky is sufficiently dark a little way to the north-east of Arcturus, which was described in the C.N. for June 24.

The Crown is a constellation of great antiquity, being known to the ancient Greeks as Ariadne's Crown. The crown was supposed to have been bestowed upon Ariadne by Theseus as a reward for aiding him in escaping from the famous Labyrinth, in which he was incarcerated to be devoured by the terrible Minotaur. But according to this mythological story, Theseus slew the Minotaur and was then faced

would appear very close together, or even quite frequently in front of the other. This is because, speeding very rapidly round a central point of gravitation and taking only 17½ days to complete a revolution, their relative position to our Earth would be constantly changing. Double sunrises and double sunsets would be among very impressive spectacles to be observed; but as they are at present about 3,860,000 times farther away than our Sun these celestial entertainments are denied us.

The star Gamma in Corona is also composed of two suns, but these are 3070,000,000 miles apart. This is rather a planetary system, with possibly more members, but the planet we see is in the fiery stage and revolves round an immense central sun at an average distance much greater than that of Neptune from our own Sun, taking 87½ years to complete a revolution. These are at a distance of 148 light-years' journey, Epsilon being about the same distance, while Beta is 204 and Delta 233 light-years' distance; so Alphecca at 61 light-years is the nearest to us. Actually therefore the stars do not form a Crown, it is merely the effect of perspective.

THE planets Jupiter and Mars, which are in the western sky, will soon begin to recede from one another after their apparent very close approach on July 5, when they will appear to be less than one-half the Moon's apparent width apart. On that date Mars will appear slightly above Jupiter, but after that will travel away to the right of Jupiter and, being much less bright, Mars will soon become invisible in the twilight. By July 8 Mars will appear between two and three times the Moon's width away to the right of and below Jupiter; glasses will help in discerning Mars, which is now of only second magnitude. Jupiter, being much the brightest object in that region, cannot be mistaken. G. F. M.

THE WHITE SHIP

THE comings and goings of our many ships between England and Normandy today bring to mind the story of a little ship of long ago that did not return.

The Norman Kings of England were also Dukes of Normandy. Henry the First, the Yorkshire-born fourth son of the Conqueror, overrode the claims of his elder brother, Robert, to the English throne as well as the Norman duchy, and directed all his vast energies to securing the succession to both of his only son, William, whom, for all the cold ferocity of his nature, he tenderly loved. Having made his barons in England swear allegiance to William as heir, he exacted a similar pledge from the barons and bishops in Normandy, and the two estates were one. The contract seemed happily sealed when William married the daughter of Fulk of Anjou, a powerful noble with whom Henry had been at strife.

In November 1120 the mar-

riage having rounded off four years of conflict in Normandy, Henry set out with his fleet to return to England. William, with a brilliant company of young people, was to follow in the White Ship. The vessel had barely left her Norman anchorage when her pilot ran her on a rock and sank her. All but one person, a butcher of Rouen, were lost with her. The one despairing cry that reached the king's ships in the night was not understood, so his fleet sailed on.

Although Henry's lords had losses of their own to mourn, they kept the dreadful story from the king for a day after the news reached England. None could bring himself to be the bearer of the grievous tidings. At last they sent to him a weeping boy, the son of Count Theobald, as messenger. On hearing the boy's sad narrative the stern, fierce king fell senseless to the ground, and, so we are told, never smiled again.

BEDTIME CORNER

Surprise Jam

FREDDY loved fishing and would often take his net and jar to the small pond on the heath.

There were only a few minnows and sticklebacks in it, but one day he caught quite a lot of them and carried them home very proudly in his little stone jar.

But the next morning when he went to look for the jar he couldn't find it, though he thought he had left it in the kitchen.

Mrs Symonds, the help, didn't like little boys in the kitchen, and asked him crossly what he wanted.

"My jar—with the fishes in," Freddy told her. "I thought I left it on the table."

"There are no jars here," replied Mrs Symonds.

"There are a lot over there," said Freddy, pointing to the dresser which was covered with an assortment of jars, some of glass, some of stone.

"They've got jam in," said Mrs Symonds. "Your mother filled them yesterday, and I tied the covers on."

That afternoon the boy next door came to tea, and Freddy, who remembered the row of jam-pots he had seen on the kitchen dresser, asked



if they could have some of the nice new jam.

"Can I fetch a jar?" he said. "I know where they are."

His mother smiled and nodded, and Freddy ran off.

He picked up the first jar he saw and took it to the dining-room.

But when he pulled the cover off he gave a squeal of excitement.

Inside, instead of the jam, were six little fishes!

"How ever did they get in there?" cried his mother.

Freddy knew, and when he told them, how they all laughed!

America Plans For the Future

LONG years have elapsed since the policy of what is now called Full Employment was first advocated. In its simplest form this policy states that the modern industrial society, armed by powerful and efficient machines and applying scientific methods, can produce goods to meet all its needs.

Thus not only can unemployment as we have known it in recent times be abolished, but scientific work can be organised to produce an abundance of goods to satisfy human desires and to usher in a reign of plenty.

This conception has grown as the war, with its remarkable revelation of human productive power, has progressed.

In America a special committee of the United States Senate has been studying the questions that will arise when the readjustment of war to peace production makes legislation necessary, if unemployment is to be prevented.

Mr James Byrnes, the Director of War Mobilisation, has urged to the Committee that, as there must be "contract cut backs" this autumn, even though the war in Europe remains to be won, Congress should act at once.

The Committee forecasted that one year would elapse between the fall of Germany and the collapse of Japan, and that during those twelve months 2,500,000 men would be released from the ground forces, in addition to 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 workers from war industry. It also anticipates a labour civilian force of at least 11,000,000 more than were employed during periods of peak employment.

The Committee therefore recommended, among other things,

the setting up of an office to co-ordinate all government agencies dealing with demobilisation. On this foundation, it also recommended certain early action, including:

Prompt termination of war contracts; orderly disposal of surplus war property; revision of unemployment compensation laws to absorb economic shock; advance planning to assure adequate materials for industry, public works, and private projects; legislation to stimulate house building; assistance to workers to move out of abnormal excess labour areas made by the war; study of price control and rationing, in order to secure proper distribution of materials; elimination from post-war budget of all unnecessary expenditures; revision of tax laws; expansion of foreign trade; prevention of monopolies; and study of any overlapping functions of government departments and agencies.

Mr Byrnes emphasises that unemployment insurance will be the "first line of defence." In this matter our great Ally may be able to profit by our experience. But the whole programme proposed by the Senate committee amounts to a great overhaul of the American economy, and no doubt it will be carefully watched by those charged with similar action in this country.

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

ONE of London's oldest houses is a Club of Friendship between America and Britain. Mr Churchill is President, and it is called the Churchill Club.

It is in Ashburnham House, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey in Little Dean's Yard. American students now in the American forces in Britain are members, as well as many British people.

On this site stood the Prior's House, erected about the year 1380, and the windows of it remain. It was rebuilt after the Dissolution.

Inside the club are beautifully furnished rooms with old crystal chandeliers adapted for electric light, and pictures of men and women famous in British history, including Mr Churchill. The library has more than 5000 books presented by British publishers, and there are books of reference on loan. Special emphasis has been given to books dealing with history, biography, literature, political ideas, architecture, and the decorative arts.

There is no membership fee, and the club is intended to form a centre for Britain's guests to meet prominent Britons of all shades of thought.

£1,000,000 For Londoners

THE London parks have long contributed much to the happiness and health of London citizens; but the war, with its fewer opportunities for travel, and its Stay at Home Holidays, has invested them with a new importance. It has also led to greater appreciation of them, and all Londoners have welcomed the news that the LCC, in a five-year programme, is to spend a million pounds in making them more attractive and in enlarging their capacity for providing recreation.

The LCC has 75 parks, and most of them are included in the scheme, which proposes, among other things, improved layouts, new open-air lidos, and more bandstands, concert platforms, paddling ponds and sandpits for children.

PRIZED PENCIL STUBS

WHEN General Velebit, of Marshal Tito's military mission, spoke at a reception held by the World Youth Council recently, he was asked whether any schools were now open in Yugo-Slavia. He replied that the National Liberation Committee, youth organisations, and the Union of Anti-Fascist Women were running schools with short courses to teach everybody, even adults, the most elementary things.

"The results are amazing," he declared. "The illiterate condition of the people has more or less disappeared. But they had great difficulties to contend with. For example, the shortage of pencils. Children always gather round a stranger to the village to collect pencils from him. Each pencil is cut into four or five pieces, and divided out among them."

How revealing this; and what stirring deeds are now being recorded with these much-prized stubs!

The "Secret Weapon" Is Old News

THE "secret weapons" about which the Germans have boasted so vaingloriously in recent months are, of course, no new things in warfare. The history of war for centuries tells of many "secret weapons" used with varying success in campaigns ranging from the days of the Bible to our own.

When Joshua sent his trumpeters marching and playing all round the walls of Jericho, the inhabitants of the city could scarcely have expected what happened. That was one secret well kept, and there has never been any practical explanation of an event which the ancient writers described in such glowing and figurative language.

The Macedonian phalanx, or wedge formation for small-scale but irresistible infantry attacks, was a secret which gave Alexander the conquest of the known world. That was in the main a secret of tactics, though it involved the use of a very long spear. The Romans in their turn developed similar "secrets" of drill, deployment, and swift movement. They, however, were doubtless surprised and for a time disconcerted by such "secrets" as the skill of the Parthian cavalry in shooting their best when they had turned their horses and were apparently in full retreat, or by those nasty cutlass attachments which the Britons fixed to their war-chariots.

The use of elephants by Hannibal, the mighty Carthaginian, may not have been in itself a surprise, but Hannibal used them in an unexpected way to get heavy transport across the Alps, a feat regarded by the rest of the world as impossible, though it all but finished Rome. But the Romans themselves, having to fight their foe on the sea, devised a grappling-spike for their ships which did much to make her mistress of the Mediterranean.

The Genius of Archimedes

The Romans improved, too, on the military inventions of the Greeks, with formidable catapult-fired artillery, throwing great stones and showers of flaming arrows. Many of these originated, no doubt, in the fertile brain of their enemy's scientist, Archimedes, whom they wished to capture alive. Rome could have found a place for Archimedes among her "back-room boys" of those days.

Attila and Genghiz Khan, whose fierce warrior-genius laid Europe and Asia at their feet, had new secrets also, but they were secrets of military organisation and ruthless efficiency.

In their time, both William Pitt and Napoleon Bonapart dismissed with mild compliments the offer of an invention which could have made things awkward for each other's sea-power when they told the American engineer Robert Fulton that his underwater torpedoes were valueless.

In our history the development of the long bow and Roger Bacon's invention of gunpowder were landmarks, but our greatest "secret weapon" is a secret still. Perhaps the archives of the Admiralty might disclose the nature of the "secret war-plan" which Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, pressed upon successive Governments from 1811 onwards. Experts admitted that

this plan, which could eliminate great fortresses like Sebastopol in a few hours, was workable.

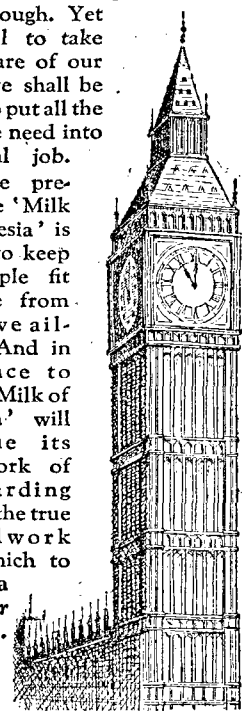
My Lords of the Admiralty rejected the Cochrane Plan because it was "too inhuman," a consideration which would scarcely have appealed to Hitler. At the same time, they admitted that it was "infallible." What the plan was only a few people ever knew, and maybe it was deliberately destroyed. Cochrane, a genius alike of invention and naval strategy and tactics, a truly great man who brought glory to the British Navy and created the navies of the new Republics of Chile and Peru, was not only a successful leader in battle, but a careful planner who never wasted time or effort. If he had worked out a Plan, we may be sure it was sound and practicable.

And he never lost faith in his Plan. He was still pressing it at nearly 80 years of age, when the Crimean War broke out in 1854. The grand old sea-dog always maintained, to the day of his death in 1860, that he could have finished off the Crimean affair speedily if Britain had let him use his Plan.

...when chimes the Victory hour...

... we shall have another job of work to tackle—winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a better Britain.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

FORWARD TO VICTORY!



Apologies to customers unable to obtain BASSETT'S—due to Zoning

SHORTHAND
DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND is accepted by the Services and examining bodies. Learnt in 12 2-hour lessons. Send 3d. Stamps for First Lesson. Write Dept. C.N. 92-3, Great Russell St., W.C.1.
IN ONE WEEK

Simple Recipe for Summer Colds

Summer Colds are hard to shift once they get a hold. Here's a recipe which has grown so popular that practically every chemist keeps it made up and ready for use. A dose or two at the beginning will nip a cold in the bud before it has a chance to develop.

It's the "Parmint" recipe, consisting of 12 different healing, soothing medicaments, and it's really marvellous how quickly it ends that worrying cough which is the first sign of trouble. Even if the cold or cough has got quite a hold, a few doses of Parmint Syrup will soon put things right. Parmint Syrup has one great advantage. Children take it readily. They like its taste.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle, including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Parmint Concentrated Essences (price 2/11). It is even more economical that way.

WELGAR
SHREDDED WHEAT GIVES YOU MOST FOOD VALUE!
Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, Hertfordshire.

Jacko and His Giddy Goat



ONE day Jacko came home early from school to try his new goat-cart. As he was jogging along a country lane he saw PC Monkeyman. The goat also spotted him and evidently took a violent dislike to the arm of the law for, lowering his head, he charged towards the policeman at full speed. "Look out!" cried Jacko; and PC Monkeyman, looking out, quickly took to his heels and disappeared into his cottage just in time. "This is where discretion is the better part of valour," said Jacko to his goat, as they went careering on their way, before the PC recovered.

SANDWICH

It was the diner's third complaint.

"This is disgraceful! I now find some sand on my bread."

"Exactly, sir. That is to keep the butter from slipping off," replied the waitress, whose patience was exhausted.

How Much Pocket Money?

"Now, here is a pound pocket-money to divide among you," said father. "Jack is the eldest, so he will have a shilling more than Fred; Fred will have a shilling more than Tom; and Tom will have a shilling more than Frank, who is the youngest."

How much did each boy get?

Answer next week

Hidden Warships

IN the following verse are concealed the names of seven British warships that are well-known in the present war:

Now, when she caught a chill,
Estelle
Showed clearly that she was not well.
Said Mrs Gaskell: "You, my dear,
Perplex eternally, I fear.
I'll put two pans on; then your feet
You'll soak, and so to bed, my sweet."
Estelle, on fire, now nicely smiled.
"Atishoo! Dear, oh, poor, dear, child!"

Answer next week

DIFFICULT

HERE is a good trick to try on your friend.

Tell him to raise his right leg from the ground and turn it round and round to the right. While he is doing this, give him a pencil and paper and ask him to draw a figure six. The chances are he will not be able to do it.

A Fruitless Search

"Oh, dear," said little Billy after a careful search through all his pockets for his lost pen-knife, "I wish I had another pocket—it might be in that one."

Nature News

MOST cuckoos are now silent, rarely being heard, later than the second week in July; and the nestlings of the ringed plover, little balls of grey fluff, may be seen squatting or running on the shore.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, July 5, to Tuesday, July 11.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 A visit to Chessington Zoo, in Surrey. A Holidays at Home outing.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Behind the Waterfall, a serial play adapted from the book by Elizabeth Kyle. Produced by Kathleen Garscadden. Episode 4—The Discovery.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Secret Six Again, a play about children in Occupied France, by M. Frances Flack. Produced by May Jenkin.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Lob: "I am that merry wanderer of the night." A play about Puck, Ariel, Robin Goodfellow, and how Lob was

The BRAN TUB

THE LAST WORD

"You're just hopeless, Sam!"
"Hopeless, am I? Then you're just as useless as a parachute in a submarine."

How Far Do You Read?

A SLOW reader will scan 300 words a minute; that is, he reads about twice as fast as he talks, and ten times as fast as he writes. At this rate a man may be said to read about 90 yards of type in half an hour. As even the busiest man probably averages half an hour's reading a day, every year he must cover a distance of between 18 and 19 miles in reading, or the respectable journey of nearly 1000 miles in fifty years.

This is a low average, and there are probably men who cover six times the distance.

Nelson Knew

PITT once said that Nelson was the "greatest fool he ever knew when on shore."

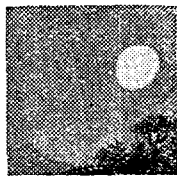
When Nelson was told of this he replied: "He speaks truth, and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board a ship; nevertheless, I am as great an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself."

THE BARN OWL

THERE are many kinds of owls, but to us the most familiar is the barn owl, which at dusk appears as a big cream-coloured bird. As a matter of fact the barn owl is buff coloured above, variegated with grey, black, and white, and snow white below. It is a very useful bird, devouring large numbers of rats, mice, and other pests.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are low in the west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 5 a.m. on Sunday, July 9.

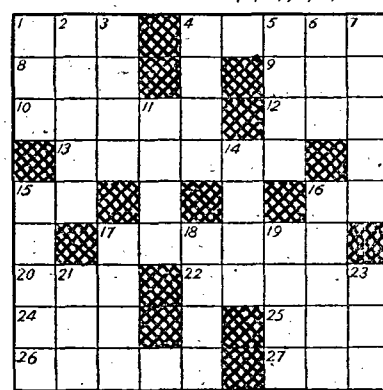


Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Distant. 4 A trusted guide. 5 An era. 9 Reverential fear. 10 Nephew's sister. 12 Covers almost three-quarters of the earth. 13 Camels of the Andes. 15 Compass point (abbrev.). 16 Exclamation. 17 Korea's select name. 20 A climbing herb much in evidence now. 22 These columns are of Greek conception. 24 The shoemaker's "lot." 25 Obtained. 26 Citrus fruit, now scarce. 27 Quite alone.

Reading Down. 1 A breeze maker. 2 Nimble. 3 Stagger. 4 A metrical composition. 5 Girl. 6 To be bound to pay. 7 To instruct. 11 Money. 14 Likewise. 15 Part of a flower. 18 An edible bulb of strong flavour. 17 Peaceful. 19 Wednesday was named after him. 21 Therefore. 21 A sheep. 23 And so on, abbreviation reversed.

Answer next week



Modern Science

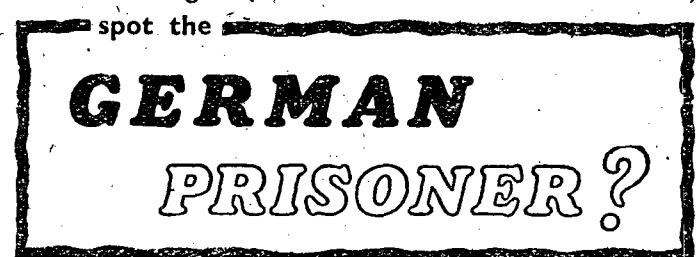
"WHAT is that strange thing?" the old lady evacuated to the country asked on seeing a sundial for the first time.

The working was explained. "How amazing these modern inventions are!" she gasped.

Hasty Retreat

THERE was a young lady of Lea
Who went for a sail on the sea,
But she got such a shock
When she bumped on a rock,
That she hurried back home to her tea.

How did Roger (of the THREE MUSTARDEERS)



ahead. "Come on, we'd better be moving." They lingered on for another five minutes and were just about to leave, when a figure approached from the way they had come. "Halt!" called one of the Home Guardsmen. The man stopped. "Can I see your Identity Card, Sir?" the Guard asked him. "Certainly," replied the man, producing his card. The Guard examined it, and smiled. "Right you are, Sir. All clear. But you'd better be careful—don't forget there's a desperate German prisoner round these parts. Doesn't pay to be on the road late." "No," replied the man, pocketing his Identity Card, and making to move away. "I'd have been home earlier but I've been doing an afternoon's shopping, then got gossiping, and left Odscastle a little later than I meant to." "Righto, Sir, good-night," said the Guard. The man was just passing when Roger whispered to the Guard. Immediately the Guard levelled his rifle at the man. "Halt, or I'll fire. Come on, chaps. Here's our prisoner." The man made a dash, but the Home Guardsmen were quicker and soon they were leading the escaped German prisoner back to Odscastle. And Roger explained to Jim and Mary why he suspected the man.

What made Roger sure that the man was the German prisoner? We shall be interested to know if you spotted the clue. Drop a postcard to J. & J. Colman (Dept. C.N.), Carrow Works, Norwich.

Said Jim: "That certainly made a difference, as the little boy said, enjoying a piece of fat because he'd put Mustard on it."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have Mustard—

Colman's Mustard



Concert Meeting

Opened by J. B. Priestley

in aid of

Pravda Children's Home, Moscow.
Madame Gousev
to receive gifts for the Home

GARRICK THEATRE, London,
JULY 23rd, 3 p.m.

Harry Hemsley. Ina de la Haya.
Ivor Mairants and his stars of swing.
Austrian Youth Choir.
Tickets 5/- and 1/6.
Apply ASYFA, 104, Wigmore St., W.1.
Under the auspices of Jt. Ctte. for Soviet Aid, reg. under War Charities Act, 1940.

Coughing kept him
awake until—



instant relief and sound sleep followed a dose of 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup. This splendid remedy gets to grips with rasping, tearing coughs, eases chest, throat and lungs, soothes and heals inflamed air passages, and hastens recovery. Only half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup will check a cough immediately. 1/9 including Purchase Tax. Good for grown-ups too!

'Pineate'
HONEY
COUGH-SYRUP